

"Picture Me Rollin'" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Picture Me Rollin'"

(feat. CPO, Danny Boy Steward, Syke)

Yeah, clear enough for ya? (alright)  
My niggas look mad  
Y'all supposed to be happy I'm free!  
Y'all niggas look like y'all wanted me to stay in jail  
Hoe bustas!

[2Pac:]

Picture me rollin' in my 500 Benz  
I got no love for these niggas, there's no need to be friends  
They got me under surveillance, that's what somebody be tellin'  
"Know there's dope being sold", but I ain't the one sellin'  
Don't want to be another number  
I gotta puff a gang of weed to keep from goin' under  
The federales wanna see me dead  
Niggas put prices on my head  
Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed, I feed 'em lead  
Now I'm released, how will I live?  
Will God forgive me for all the dirt a nigga did, to feed kids?  
One life to live, it's so hard to be positive  
When niggas shootin' at your crib  
Mama, I'm still thuggin', the world is a war zone  
My homies is inmates, and most of them dead wrong  
Full grown, finally a man, just schemin' on ways  
to put some green inside the palms of my empty hands  
Just picture me rollin'  
Flossin' a Benz on rims that isn't stolen  
My dreams is censored, my hopes are gone  
I'm like a fiend that finally sees when all the dope is gone  
My nerves is wrecked, heart beatin' and my hands are swollen  
Thinkin' of the G's I'll be holdin'  
Picture me rollin'

[Danny Boy (2Pac):]

Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me, picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Ooh wee  
(Can you see me now?)  
Move to the side a little bit so you can get a CLEAR picture  
Can you see it?  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Yeah nigga!  
Ay, but peep how my nigga Syke do it to you  
Guess who's back?)

*[Big Syke:]*

I got ki's comin' from overseas  
Cost a nigga 200 G's  
I'm a street commando, Nino for example  
This lavish lifestyle is hard to handle  
So I got to floss cause I'm more like a boss player  
Thug, branded to be a women-layer  
So many player haters, imitators steady swangin'  
Make me wanna start back bangin'  
So I'm caught up in the game, dress code changed  
Packin' 40 Glocks, contain 'em or rearrange  
All that jealousy and envy comin' from my enemies  
While I'm sippin' on Rémy  
in front of black Lexus, Chevy's on the roam  
'96 big body, sittin' on chrome  
As we head up out the zone, stone-facin' is on  
You can admire, but don't look too long  
I'm livin' a dream with triple beams and my pockets bulgin'  
It's hard to imagine  
Picture me rollin'

*[Danny Boy:]*

Picture me rollin'  
Picture, picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me rollin'  
Picture me

*[CPO (2Pac):]*

I gots to get the fuck up in it, formulate a caper  
Cause a nigga straight sufferin' from lack of havin' paper  
My bitch fin' to have a bastard, see?  
So I needs to hit a lick, drastically  
I see some ballin' ass niggas, and they slippin' in my spot  
And, uh, diggin' the plots. So what?  
Checkin' in the park, 'Pac  
(We caught 'em sleepin', he didn't peep you niggas creepin'?)  
(This how we do it every weekend)  
(I dump for madness, it's time to count the profit)  
(CPO, we got the bomb spot, nigga time to clock it)  
(I get the liquor, and you could get the females)  
(This crooked shit that we inflictin' gettin' street sales)  
Move smooth as a motherfucker, me and my 9  
I'm as cool as a motherfucker, I'ma get mine  
Now we satisfied, got the pockets on swollen  
Boss Hogg and this 'Pac nigga  
Picture us rollin'

*[Danny Boy:]*

Picture me rollin'  
Picture me  
Picture me rollin'

Picture me rollin'

[2Pac:]

Is y'all ready for me?

Picture me rollin' roll call

You know there's some muh'fuckers out there

I just could not forget about

I wanna make sure they can see me

Number one on my list: Clinton Correctional Facilities

All you bitch ass C.O.'s

Can you niggas see me from there?

Ballin' on y'all punk ass!

Picture me rollin', baby

Yeah, all them niggas up in them cell blocks

I told y'all niggas when I come home it's on

That's right nigga, picture me rollin'

Oh, I forgot! The D.A

Yeah, that bitch had a lot to talk about in court

Can the hoe see me from here?

Can you see me, hoe?

Picture me rollin'

And all you punk police, can you see me?

Am I clear to you?

Picture me rollin' nigga, legit

Free like O.J. all day

You can't stop me

You know I got my niggas up in this motherfucker

Manute, Pain, Syke, Bogart, Mopreme

It's sad dog, can you picture us rollin'?

Can you see me hoe?

Is y'all ready for me?

We up out this bitch

Any time y'all wanna see me again

Rewind this track right here, close your eyes

And picture me rollin'

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